

Juniata Sentinel and Republican

B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXII.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1878.

NO. 43.

THE PATH THROUGH THE CORN.

Warm and bright in the summer air.
Lies pleasant when the wind blows fair.
And its roughest breath had scarcely curled
The green highway to a distant world.
Soft whisp'ers passing from shore to shore,
As from hearts content, yet desiring more—
Who feel the storm.
Wandering thus down the path through the
[corn.]
A short space since, and the dead leaf a
Mockingbird under the hedgerow gray
No hum of insect, nor voice of bird,
Or the desolate fall was ever heard.
Only as the pallid sun
Blushed rose-red in the red sun-glow;
The one best more.
Shot up into the light the young green corn,
Small and feeble, slender and pale,
It bent its head to the winter gale,
Itaken the wren's soft note of cheer,
Hardly believing that spring was near:
Soft chestnuts bend out and cham loam blow,
And daisies nimbly the crushed snow
Where it was born.
On either side of the path through the corn.
The corn, the corn, the beautiful corn,
Rising wonderful, morn by morn,
Then just in reach of a child's weak hand.
Then growing, growing tall, brave and strong,
With the voice of new harvests in its song;
While in a field corn
The lark out-croaks the whistling corn.
A strange, sweet path, formed day by day,
How, when and where, for ever stay,
No more than of our life-path we know,
Or whether our eyes shall ever see
The wheat in the ear, or the fruit on the tree;
Yet, who's the form?
He who watered the furrows can ripen the
[corn.]

Mrs. Primkins' Surprise.

Mrs. Primkins was alone in the house, and she began to herself over a letter which she held open in her hand. It was from the mother of Nimp, a little girl who was boarding with Mrs. Primkins, and it contained a ten-dollar bill.
"Wants to have a birthday party! Humph! I must say I can't see the good of pampering children's folks now a days! When I was young, now, we had something to think of besides nice clothes, unwholesome food, and worldly dissipation! I must say I think Mrs. Revor has some very uncommon notions! However," she went on, contemplating fondly the bill she still held in her hand, "I do know I have any call to fret myself if she chooses to potter away her money. I don't see my way clear to refuse altogether to do what she asks, as long as the child is on my hands. Ten dollars! Humph! she hopes it'll be enough to provide a little supper for them! It's my private opinion that it will, and a nice one over for—other things," she added, resolutely closing her lips with a snap. "I ain't such a shiftless manager as all that comes to, I do hope. I won't take no ten dollars to give a birthday party in my house, I bet a cookey!"
That night when supper was over, Nimp sat down with the family by the table, which held one candle that dimly lighted the room, to finish a book she was reading. Not that the kitchen was the only room in the house. Mrs. Primkins had plenty of rooms, but they were too close for every-day use. They were always tightly closed, with green paper shades down, lest the blessed sunshine should get a peep at her gaudy red and green carpets, and put their least mellowing touch on their crude and rasping colors. Nimp thought of the best parlor with a sort of awe which she never felt toward any room in her mother's house.
"Nimpo," said Mrs. Primkins at last when she had held back the news till Nimp had finished her book, and was about to go up stairs, "wait a bit. I got a letter from your ma to-day."
"Did you?" exclaimed Nimp, quite alarmed. "Oh! what is the matter?"
"Don't fly into tifficks! Nothing is the matter," said Mrs. Primkins.
"Is she coming here?"
"No, no, no!" she said, "she can't come here. But she says to write to you about it."
"Why, so it is!" said Nimp, reflecting. "I never thought of it."
"Wal, she thinks perhaps I'd best let you have a few girls to tea on that day, if it won't be too much of a chore for me," Mrs. Primkins went on.
Nimp's face was radiant. "Oh, Mrs. Primkins, if you will!" But it fell again. "But where could they be?—for trespassing on the dismal glories of the Primkins' parlor had never entered her wildest dreams."
"I've thought of that," said Mrs. Primkins, grimly. "Of course, I could not abide a pack of young ones tramping up my best parlor carpet, and I thought maybe I'd put a few things up in the second story, and let you have 'em there."
The second story was un-furnished. "Oh, that will be splendid!" said Nimp eagerly. "But—but," she hesitated—"would they tea here?" and she glanced around the kitchen, which was parlor, sitting room, dining room, and, in fact, almost the only really useful room in the house. The front par. Mrs. Primkins enjoyed as another people enjoy pictures, or other beautiful things—looking at them but not using them.
"No, I shall set the table in the back chamber, and let you play in the front chamber, and we can put some chairs in and I'm sure a bare floor is more suitable for a pack of young ones."
Mrs. Primkins always spoke of children as wild beasts, who must be endured, to be sure, but carefully looked after, like wolves or hyenas.
"Oh, yes!" she wouldn't be afraid of having that! Oh, that'll be splendid!" continued Nimp, as the plan grew on her. "I thank you so much, Mrs. Primkins—and we'll be so careful!"
"Humph!" said Mrs. Primkins, not thinking it necessary to tell her that her mother had sent money to cover the expense. "You're a master hand to promise."
"I know I forget sometimes," said Nimp, penitently. "But I'll really try to be careful this time."
"Wal," said Mrs. Primkins, in con-

clusion, as she folded her knitting and brought out the bed-room candles, "if you don't hector me nigh about to death, I'll lose my guess. But as I'm in for it now, you may as well bring the girls when you come home from school tomorrow. They'll have time to play before supper, for their mothers will want them home before dark."
"Do you care whom I invite?" asked Nimp, pausing with the door open on her way to bed.
"No, I do 'nother I do. Your intimate friends, your ma said."
"Oh, goodly," said Nimp, as she skipped up stairs, two at a time. "Won't we have fun! How nice it'll be!"
The next morning she was off, bright and early, and, before the bell rang, every girl in the school knew that Nimp was going to have a birthday party, and was wondering if she would be invited. At recess she issued her invitations, every one of which was promptly accepted, and in the afternoon all came in their best dresses, ready to go home with Nimp.
At four o'clock they were dismissed, and Nimp marshaled her guests as started. Now, the truth was, that the girls had been so very lovely to her when she was inviting, that she found it hard to distinguish between intimate friends and those not quite so intimate, so she had asked more than she realized till she saw them started up the street. However, she had not been limited as to numbers, so she gave herself no concern, as she gayly led the way.
Meanwhile, the Primkins family had been busy. After the morning work was done, Mrs. Primkins and her daughter Augusta made a loaf of plain, wholesome cake, a couple of tins of biscuits, and about the same number of cookies with curraway seeds in them. After dinner they carried a table into the back chamber and spread the feast. Nimp's mother had sent, as a birthday present, a new set of toy dishes. It had arrived by stage while Nimp was at school, and been carefully concealed from her, and Augusta, who had not yet forgotten that she was once young herself—though it was many years before she thought it would be nice to serve the tea on these dishes. Not being able to think of any serious objection, and seeing advantage in the small pieces required to fill them, Mrs. Primkins had consented, and Augusta had arranged a very pretty table, with its white and gilt china. The biscuits and cookies were cut small to match, and, when ready, it looked very cunning, with tiny slices of cake and one little dish of jelly—from the top shelf of Mrs. Primkins' pantry.
During the afternoon a boy came up from the store (Nimp's father was a country merchant) with a large basket, in which were several pounds of nuts and raisins and candy, which her father had ordered by letter.
Everything was prepared, and Mrs. Primkins had put on a clean checked apron, to do honor to the occasion, and sat down in her rocker, feeling that she had earned her rest, when Augusta's voice sounded from up stairs, "Ma, do look down the street."
Mrs. Primkins went to the window and looked towards the village, and was struck with horror.
"Goodness gracious! Why, what under the canopy? Did you ever see a crowd like this in quick succession, for there was Nimp, the centre of a very mob of girls, all in Sunday best, as Mrs. Primkins' experienced eye saw at a glance.
"Ma!" exclaimed Augusta, rushing down "I do believe that young one has invited the whole school."
"The school?" was all Mrs. Primkins could get out in her exasperation.
"I'd send 'em right straight home!" said Augusta, indignantly. "It's just a burning shame!"
"Mercy on us! This is a pretty kettle of fish!" gasped Mrs. Primkins.
"I wouldn't stand it! So there!" said Augusta sharply. "I never did see such a child! I'm jand every chick and bird, and let Nimp take her supper in her own room—to pay her off. Things have come to a pretty pass, I think."
"I never did!" ejaculated Mrs. Primkins, not yet recovering her ordinary powers of speech.
"I shall go out and meet them, and send them packing!" asked Augusta.
"No," said her mother reluctantly, remembering the unbroken bill in her "pupper drawer." "I don't know. I did not tell her how many, but, mercy on us, who'd dream of such a raft! If there's one there's forty, I do declare!"
"That's the meaning of those enormous packages of nuts and things from the store," said Augusta, "that we thought were enough for an army."
"But the table," gasped Mrs. Primkins. "For such a crowd!" Augusta, standing around like a paroled pen, and lock the doors of that room, till I think what we can do. This is a party with a vengeance!"
Augusta obeyed, and was none too quick, for the girls crowded into the front chamber before she had secured the doors.
Being a "party," of course they had to go into the house. But as soon as they had thrown off their slat sun-bonnets—which was in about one second—and began to look around the bare room, to see what they should do next, Nimp was seized with a bright idea.
"Girls, let's go out in the yard and play till tea-time," she said, and the next moment sun-bonnets were re-arranged, and the whole troupe tramped down the back stairs, Nimp not daring, even on this festive occasion, to disturb the silence of the solemn front hall, and the gorgeous colored stair carpet. In two minutes they were deep in the game of "Pom-pom-peel-aw," and now was Mrs. Primkins' chance to lay in extra supplies.
For an hour the game went on in the side yard, while a steady stream came in by the front door—the grand front door—and up the august stairs, carrying bread, cakes, dishes, saucers, etc., etc., till there was a tolerable sup-

ply, and Mrs. Primkins was in debt to the neighbors for numerous loaves of bread and cake, and dishes of "preserves."
At five o'clock the girls were called in, and, before their sharp young appetites, everything disappeared like dew in the sunshine. It was a queer meal; bread of various shapes and kinds, and not a large supply; cakes, an equally miscellaneous collection, from cup cake which old Mrs. Kelllogg had kept in a jar two months, "in case a body should drop in unexpected," to bread cake fresh from some one else's oven; cookies of a dozen kinds; doughnuts and ginger cakes, and half a dozen dishes of sweet-meats, no two alike.
But all deficiencies were forgotten when they came to the nuts and candies, for of these there was no lack. Augusta had filled every extra dish in the house with these delightful things, and she sadly fear the children ate a very large amount of trash. But they had a good time. The entertainment was exactly to their liking—little bread and butter, and plenty of candy and raisins. It was incomparably superior to ordinary teas, where bread predominated and candy was limited.
After eating everything on the table, putting the remainder of the candy in their pockets, as Nimp insisted, they flocked into the front room, where Mrs. Primkins told them they might play a while, if they would not make a noise, as a little sprinkle of rain had come up. To insure quietness, each girl took off her shoes, and played in stocking feet on the bare, rough floor, "blind-n-ruff," "hunt the slipper," and other games for an hour or more.
Suddenly Nimp held up her foot.
"Girls, look there!" and Nimp's tone was tragic.
The soles of her stockings were in awful holes! All eyes were instantly turned on her, and forty feet were simultaneously elevated to view. The tale was the same; every stocking sole was black as the ground and worn to rags.
"What will ma say?" rose in horror to every lip.
This awful thought sobered them at once, and, finding it getting dark, the shoes were hastily sought out of the pile in the corner, sun-bonnets donned, and slowly the long procession moved down the back stairs and out again into the street.
Nimp flung herself onto the little bed in her room and sighed with happiness.
"Oh! wasn't it splendid—and I know mamma'll forgive my stockings. Besides, I'll wash them myself, and darn them."
The St. Gothard Tunnel.
The greatest tunnel now being bored is the St. Gothard, under the Alps, to connect Germany with Italy, as the Mount Cenis tunnel connected France with Italy. The money is furnished by Germans, Swiss and Italians. A London paper gives the following account of the present condition of the great work, which will be eight miles long when completed: On the north side of the mountain a length of tunnel of 11,053 feet was pierced, of which 3,226 feet was made practically, being 1,600 metres less than was calculated on in the estimates. Difficulties in the working account for its falling off. Up to November the rock has been gneiss made of easy working, but at that time the workmen came on beds of serpentine, which required thirty-three kilograms of dynamite per metre—double of what was needed for the gneiss—for blasting. The faces of the tunnel progressed at the rate of 200 metres per month on an average. On the south side 4,381 feet have been pierced, instead of 5,100 as estimated, and in the tunnel of Airolo there is a falling off of 1,060 feet from the estimate quantity for the year. Here the rock met with has been chiefly quartz, rendering the perforation very difficult. On the whole, therefore, the progress has been nowhere so great as was anticipated, but the directors hope still that the line may be completed by the end of 1881. In the case of non-completion in that time the extra expense will be about 4,000,000 francs a year, which are naturally desirous to avoid. Seventy of the Ferruzzi piercing machines are constantly at work at the great tunnel, and sixty-four other machines are at hand in case they should be needed. The number of workmen employed varies considerably with the year; thus in February there were only 1,176 at the north end and 1,542 at the south, while in September there were 1,655 at the north, and in July 2,224 at the south end. These workmen are directed by from 48 to 150 engineers. The black list shows 31 men wounded and 60 killed in the tunnel since the beginning of the work.
Morning Work.
A bad custom is prevalent in many families, especially among farmers, of working an hour before breakfast, attending to "chores," hoeing the garden, cutting wood, mowing, etc. This is convenient on many accounts, but is not conducive to health. The prevalent opinion is that the morning air is the purest and most healthful, and bracing, but the contrary is the fact. At no hour of the day is the air more filled with dampness, fog, and miasms than about sunrise. The heat of the sun gradually dissipates these miasmatic influences as the day advances. An early meal braces up the system against these influences. Every one knows the languor and faintness often experienced for the first hour in the morning, and this is increased by exercise and want of food. We do not agree with the boarding school regime, which prescribed a long walk before breakfast as a means of promoting health. Probably the best custom would be to furnish every member of the family, especially those who labor out of doors, a cup of coffee immediately after arising from bed.

Simple Water Tests.
The complete analysis of potable water requires much mechanical skill, but the more common impurities may be detected by comparatively simple tests. Certain deleterious salts may thus be recognized. Among these are the nitrates, whose presence is chiefly significant as showing that organic matter has been acted upon and may be present. The danger is not in the salts themselves but in their source which should, if possible, be ascertained. To examine water for nitrates, put a small quantity of it in a test tube; add an equal quantity of sulphuric acid, using care so that the fluids shall not mix; to this add carefully a few drops of a saturated solution of sulphate of iron. The stratum where the two fluids meet will, if nitric acid be present show a purple, afterwards a brown color. If the nitric acid be in minute quantities, a reddish color will result. The presence of ammonia, if in excess, can be determined by treating the water with a small quantity of potassium hydrate. Ammonia, if present, will be liberated, and may be recognized by its odor, or by the white fumes of chloride of ammonium when a glass rod wet with murettic acid is passed over the mouth of the test tube. If chlorine is present in any form in water used for drinking, it is evident that sewage contamination in some form exists. The presence and amount of chlorine may be ascertained by the following simple method: Take a few grains of nitrate of silver, chemically pure, and dissolve in 200 units (say cubic centimetres) of distilled water. One unit of the solution will represent 1.100th of a grain of chlorine. Take a small measured quantity of the water to be examined and put it in a glass vessel more than large enough to hold of it, and add a few drops of a white precipitate will result. In addition, after short intervals, until no precipitate results. The units of the solution used will determine the hundredths of a grain of the chlorine present. If more than a grain of chlorine in a gallon be present, reject the water, unless it can be clearly determined that the excess does not come from the sewage. To this add a slightly acidulated with nitric acid before the test is applied. Several years ago the *Journal of Chemistry* described and commended Heick's sugar test for the presence of dangerous organic matter, but it is worth repeating in this connection, being at once simple and trustworthy. Place a quantity of water in a clean, glass-stoppered bottle; add a few grains of chlorine, and expose it to the light in a window of a warm room. If the water becomes turbid even after exposure for a week, reject it; if it remains clear it is safe.
Proverbial Philosophy.
A short horse is soon curried, but a mule, short or long, will kick you into the next township.
A wise man reflects before he speaks; a fool speaks, and then reflects while his eyes are getting well.
When war begins, hell's gates are set open, and it is the same when Congress assembles.
Who hath a cold hath sorrow to his sops, especially if his handkerchief hath starch in it.
Who wants to beat a dog, soon finds a stick, but already has the dog shot around the next corner yelling "kiss!"
Trust not a horse's head, a dog's tooth, neither a man who says he'll pay you Saturday.
That which is mine is all my own; that which is yours I go halves in. I will also take a collection.
The wolves eat the poor as that hath many owners, but not until he gets the rheumatism in his hind legs.
The second meal makes the glutton, and the next course is yelling "kiss!"
Trust not a horse's head, a dog's tooth, neither a man who says he'll pay you Saturday.
The fiddler of the same town never plays well at their feasts, because he is too full to distinguish between the "Arkansas Traveler" and the "Dead March in Saul."
A fool never thinks higher than the top of his house, and beneath the festive jollies the expense of the lighting-rod agitates.
Raise no more spirits than you can conjure down, say, at four swallows.
Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt, now that the bankrupt law has expired.
A spendthrift lets the bridge, grabs his steed by the mane and yells "Whoo Emma!"
Heds and Farmers.
Some time ago, while at work near a wheatfield, my attention was called to the fact that some of the wheat had been picked from the heads, in certain parts of the field. As my neighbor seemed to think that the mischief had been done by yellow-birds, I procured a gun and killed one of the supposed offenders. Although interrupted while taking his breakfast, he found in his stomach only three grains of wheat, and by actual count three hundred and fifty weevils. Some years ago, a person brought me a turtle dove to preserve. "Why did you kill them?" I asked. "Because it along with others, was found eating some fresh sown peas," was the answer. I opened its crop to see if such was the case, but instead of peas I found in it over one thousand seeds of weeds, principally dock. I took them to a large retailer of seeds here, but could find none in his shop to which they corresponded. One day last season, as the barley in my fields was ripening, the blackbirds began to gather about it, and my father began to anatomize them as thieves and robbers, feeding upon what they did not sow. "Why they come," said he, "in clouds from Nanshan, and all about us. Notwithstanding, I told him that I was satisfied that they did more good than harm, and that they were welcome to their share. The harvest began, and as the movers reached the middle of the field they found the stalks of the grain very much stripped

and out by the army worm. When the barley was down they commenced to march out of the field in a compact stream through the barway into the next one, and here we saw clearly what the blackbirds were after. They pounced upon them and devoured them by thousands, very materially lessening their numbers. The worms were so numerous that they could not destroy them all, but they materially lessened them and their powers of mischief. All honor, then, go the blackbirds, which are usually counted mischievous, and are destroyed by farmers like vermin! A friend of mine, an animal preserver, lived at Southwell, when a gardener used to bring him in daily a number of thrushes. At last he said to him, "Why do you keep bringing me in so many thrushes?" "Why," said the gardener, "they are eating all my strawberries." "I don't believe it said my friend, "I will come in and see." So he went accordingly, and found the gardener, gun in hand, ready to shoot a thrush that had dropped in among the strawberries. "There," said the gardener, "you see don't you, what he is doing?" and sitting the action to the word, raised his gun to shoot. "Stop!" said my friend, "let us see if it is as you say;" when presently the bird rose up with something in its mouth and flew over the wall into the adjoining grounds. "Now," said my friend, "let us go and see what he has got." They went, and found the bird breaking in a small shrub. "There," said my friend, "you see that it is the snails that eat your strawberries, and not the birds;" as a more careful examination subsequently proved. Need I say he killed no more thrushes on that account. The fact was, the summer being dry, the snails harbored there, the thrushes found them, and were taking them as food to their young ones.
Our Colliery Cat.
"Colly," for short, we called our large black-and-white cat, but I want to tell you why we called him our "Colliery cat." It wasn't because he lived in a colliery, but because he used to help to pay the colliers, or I suppose he thought he did.
You see the mountains in South Wales contain a great deal of coal and iron ore, and limestone, and on our large tract of mountain land we had a good share of these "precious stones." Our colliery was eleven miles from our house, and the colliers used to meet every Saturday morning at a room at "Lamb and Flag" Inn, which was only two miles from the mine and about nine miles from our house, so E., one of the members of our family, used to ride over on that night to meet the men and pay them their wages.
As sure as he mounted his horse, "Colly," who was very fond of him, would run after him and spring on the pommel of the saddle, riding the minutes over that rough mountain road in all weathers; then would wait by the kitchen fire at the inn, sometimes until midnight, and then jog home with his master, perhaps in a heavy rain or snow.
It seemed as if he thought that at night his master especially needed his company and protection; for at other times he was not anxious to ride with him, though when he was about from home, always insisted upon occupying his chair at meal times.
A Mutual Violence.
A Danbury grocery firm have taken the agency for a hammock. One of the articles they have hung at the front in the shade of their porch. They hang it there as an advertisement, but numerous people have got into it to see how it worked. It hung so low they could easily sit in it and undoubtedly the motion was agreeable and comfortable. But the grocers didn't think this performance, especially as the hammock sitters were not hammock buyers. Saturday afternoon they removed the lot to one end from the hook and fastened it by a bit of twine instead. Shortly a man came in for two quarts of molasses. It was put up in a pail and a paper tied over the top as he had forgotten to bring a cover. He was passing by when he saw a hammock. His curiosity was aroused at once. The grocers were busy inside, so he thought he would investigate on his own hook. With that keen tuition peculiar to a New England man he saw at a glance that it was something to go into. He knew it was nothing to wear, and was equally sure it could not be arranged for cooking. He set down his pail, then sat back and looked at it and lifted his feet up. Then the twine fastening gave away. It was a dreadful affair. He had the pail of molasses sitting on his lap, and there was a dog sitting under the hammock. Neither the dog nor the molasses expected anything, any more than the man himself did. It was a terrible surprise to all of them. The man and the dog lost their presence of mind, and even the pail lost its head. The molasses went into his lap, and ran down his legs, and swished up under his vest, and insinuated itself in some way in between himself and his clothes. And when he went down he hit the dog with his heel on the back and the dog was so wild with terror and amazement that it sent up a head-splitting yell and fled madly down the street, having first taken the precaution to bite him in the leg and tip over a tier of wooden water-pails. When the pails went down a lot of hooves were carried over with them, and that started a parcel of garden seeds mounted on a box and they in turn brought away a pile of peck measures, whose summit was crowned with a pyramid of canned tomatoes. It was a dreadful shock to the man and nearly paralyzed him with its magnitude; but when one article following another came crashing down upon him he thought the evil one himself had burst loose, and he just screamed as loud as he could. The molasses was all over him, and the garden seeds had adhered to the molasses, and he looked more like a huge gingerbread stick full of caraways than anything else. In this awful condition he waddled home, and swore every step of the way.

The Seven Heroines.
In the year 1479, Pisa was one of the most flourishing cities in Italy. Not as powerful as Venice or Genoa, nor as famous for its literary and artistic culture as Florence; Pisa was noted for the wealth of its merchants and for the surpassing beauty of its women.
In fact, Pisaan Commerce extended all over the Old World, and some of its mercantile firms counted their riches by millions.
As for the women of Pisa, their beauty was of a peculiar style. Their hair, as a rule, was auburn; their complexion very white, delicate, and transparent, and their forms tall, slender and graceful. In short it was then a common saying throughout Italy, "As pretty as a Pisan girl."
For years considerable mercantile rivalry existed between Florence and Pisa, and when the merchants of the latter city, in the above-mentioned year, learned that the Florentines were negotiating a treaty of commerce with the Dey of Tunis, they immediately resolved to enter into an active competition with them. So they dispatched, on the 1st of June, 1479, a small galleon to Tunis. The vessel was freighted with a great many valuable presents for the Dey, and the passengers were six prominent citizens of Pisa, who were if possible to persuade the Dey to cut loose from the Florentines and to conclude a commercial treaty with their own city. The galleon reached Tunis a few days later, and the six Pisan envoys landed, soliciting an early interview with the Dey. The Dey was Laman Ben Harueddin, still a young but a very bad man. He was a pirate, remorselessly treacherous, cruel and grossly in the extreme. When he heard of the arrival of the Pisans he ordered them to be brought before him without delay. They were ushered by two Moorish attendants into a small apartment, furnished after the gorgeous but semi-barbarous Saracen fashion. On a low throne sat Harueddin, who fixed his eyes with a curious expression upon the Pisan envoys. They knelt before him, for he was as proud as the Sultan himself.
"What do you want?" he asked at last.
"Most gracious Dey, powerful ruler of Tunis," replied the spokesman of the envoys, "we come with presents for you from the city of Pisa to solicit from you the conclusion of a commercial treaty with us."
"What is the value of the presents you bring to me?" demanded the Dey.
"They are worth at least 50,000 gold ducats."
"Fifty thousand gold ducats!" echoed the Dey, scornfully. "Why, the presents I received from the Florentines, amounted to more than double that sum."
"Silence, infidel dog!" thundered the irate Dey. "You have come to insult me! You shall be punished for your insolence! I shall take your presents, but you, too. One of you may go back to Pisa and inform your citizens that unless they send me at once 100,000 gold ducats and the seven most beautiful girls in your city for my harem, I shall cause you to be impaled."
So saying, he ordered them from his presence. They selected Adon Menor to go back to Pisa. The rest of them were loaded with chains and thrown into loathsome dungeons. Menor was sent on board the galleon, the valuable cargo of which was confiscated by the greedy Dey. When Menor reached Pisa, and told his doleful story, the people were filled with the utmost consternation. One hundred thousand gold ducats was at that time an almost fabulous sum. And what girls could be induced to surrender themselves to the foul embraces of the Tunisian tyrant? Yet it was out of the question to leave the captive envoys in the clutches of the Dey. A popular meeting was called. There, under the presidency of the podesta, the whole painful subject was taken into consideration, but the meeting adjourned without coming to any definite understanding. In the evening the podesta was pacing the room in a state of extreme depression, when suddenly a beautiful maiden was ushered into his presence.
"Margherita Pezzi!" he exclaimed; "what brings you here?"
"I am ready to go to Tunis," she replied, with flushed cheeks.
"To Tunis?" cried the podesta, in surprise. "To become an inmate of the Dey's harem?"
"It may turn out otherwise," she said with a mysterious smile.
"But you, alone are not enough."
"Six of my fair young friends are ready to accompany me."
"This is very strange."
"Freight a small vessel with 100,000 gold ducats, conceal in the hold twenty well-armed, courageous men, put us on board and send us to Tunis."
The podesta shook his head.
"We shall all return, say Harueddin and bring back the captive envoys."
Next day the counsel of Pisa accepted the proposition, and twenty-four hours later a small galleon, freighted in accordance with Margherita Pezzi's demands, sailed for Tunis, where they arrived after a stormy passage. When the Dey heard that the gold ducats and the seven fair maidens had arrived from Pisa he was overjoyed. He caused the girls to be taken to his room. One black eunuch was present. He feasted his eyes upon the virgin charms of the beautiful maidens and finally put his arm around the slender waist of Margherita Pezzi.
When he tried to kiss her she drew his arm from its scabbard and struck him twice across the face. The Dey mortally wounded, sank howling to the floor. The black eunuch stood spell-bound with terror, but Margherita cut him down to.
This bloody scene had been enacted so quickly and noiselessly that the persons in the ante room did not suspect

what had occurred. The eunuch was disgraced, he had a yaghaun, two daggers and a pistol. Four other Pisan girls armed themselves with these weapons and rushed into the ante-room, where they fell upon the attendants with indescribable fury.
The Tunisian courtiers were thunder-struck at this unexpected attack. Before they were able to offer any effectual resistance, they had been either killed or severely wounded. The victorious girls had no difficulty in overpowered the palace guards. They then sallied out into the street, shouting:
"Harueddin is dead! Long live the Republic of Pisa!"
Then they hurried to the galleon, from which the twenty Pisan soldiers emerged. They were armed with the best firearms then in existence, and they easily overcame the resistance which the few soldiers then in Tunis were able to offer them. The captive envoys were liberated, and then the sum of 200,000 gold ducats was extracted from the people of the town, while Harueddin's well filled treasury was rifled of its valuable contents. When the strange little expedition returned to Pisa, the people greeted its members with the utmost enthusiasm. A public monument was erected in honor of the affair, and a hospital was founded with the contents of the Dey's treasury.
Harueddin's successor swore he would revenge himself terribly upon Pisa, but he never was able to do so.
A Riddle's Marriage.
"Is the reporter in?"
"The inquirer was informed that the reporter was in."
"Well, sir," said he, "I want to be set right before the public."
The reporter designated a chair, but the visitor, evidently from the country would not sit down. He raised his left hand, and with many a gesture told his tale.
"That boy of mine—the same that you write up before—married again my will. He is not yet nineteen and the thing he married is nigh on to forty-nine. She made my boy marry her. I did all I could to stop him. I agreed to give him nearly \$1,000, but he would do it. I told him if he'd be bound to marry to go to Shepherdville, get a good gal, one of the kind we use and my wife could honor and cherish. Told him if he'd do this I'd give him the front room and \$1,000. Do you believe it, he did no such thing, but went right off and married that thing in Jeffersonville."
"When?"
"Last week. I liked that boy; he was a good-looking boy—just as good-looking as you are, sir," and down went the stranger's fist with satisfaction, on the writer's desk.
Again he continued:
"She is as ugly as they make them. Forty-nine, too, thereabouts; soon will be, anyhow; been married twice; had small-pox, too, and dashed if she ain't deeply pock marked. Do you wonder the boy vexed me? Why, sir, she is the ugliest man I ever saw, and would scare the devil on sight. No wonder my wife couldn't eat anything, and I thought my head would give me brain fever. I told him I'd beat the life out of him, and I tried to do it."
"Why did your son marry her?" ventured the reporter.
"The Lord knows. Two men came and told my boy not to, but still he would. They said they knew as much about her as he ever would, and this made him cry."
"Did he say anything?"
"Yes; he said he'd put his foot into the mess so far he didn't see how he could get out."
"Why did you assault him?"
"They had my squirrel cage and silver watch. I sent for them and they answered I couldn't get them and they could the squirrel. I was vexed, so I laid out to have hardly life in him. Your paper blamed me for using a baseball bat. I couldn't get anything else. Me and my wife and sixteen-year-old son hunted for my black walnut stick, which is smaller than the base-ball bat. 'Twasn't my fault I didn't find the black walnut case. The three of us hunted, as I told you, but there they were, my boy and the thing with him, both armed and going towards their house. It was my only chance, so I took the bat and went for him. I hit him on the head and he fell over. She laid all over him, and I could see nothing of him except his thigh. I aimed at this, but believe I hit her. She was so astraddle of him I couldn't help it. I saw he was playing 'possum, and aimed again. He had a pistol and a whole load of gunpowder in his house. His wife threw two rocks at me. He said they were going to Virginia. I was anxious to act. That's the whole story, sir, and the truth, too."
All About Milk Dink.
The nutritive value of milk, as calculated from its elements, is very large, and its price is low, as compared with meat. According to the Kensington Museum Catalogue, one pound of milk can produce at the maximum four-fifths of an ounce of dry muscle or flesh, and if digested and oxidized in the body, is capable of producing a force equal to 300 tons raised one foot high. One pound of lean beef is reckoned as a force producer as 900 foot tons. Calculating the dry muscle as flesh, 25 pounds of milk are equal to 4 pounds of lean beef nutritive value, or in other words, 1 pound of beef is equal in nutritive value to 2.9 quarts of milk. When milk is 7 cents a quart, it is cheaper than beef at 21 cents a pound.
Facts Worth Knowing.
There never was a woodcock seen on the Pacific coast.
There never was an ocean steamer that burst her boiler.
There never was a dog that went mad west of the Rocky Mountain.
There never was a beech or sycamore tree struck by lightning.
There never was an eel caught on the Pacific coast.
There are still living in Jersey City, N. J. three colored men who were born slaves, and continued so up to a comparatively late date. They are William Johnson, Old Sip, or "Zip," as he is familiarly known, and John Jackson. Johnson was born on the farm of Mercedes Park, which was situated near the Old Dutch Reformed Church, in Bergen, some time about the beginning of the 19th century. He does not exactly know his age, but says he is "hard onto" 70 years old, as near as he can get at it, but from his recollection of events occurring before that date, it is safe to reckon his age at about eighty. Johnson worked on the Park farm until his 30th year, during which time he witnessed some of the stirring scenes of the war of 1812. He says he would like to have taken a hand in it, but he was too young to be of much service. He remembers the drilling of recruits and the departure of soldiers for the scene of the war on the Canadian frontier. When 33 years old he was sold to Jacob Van Winkle. The price paid for him was \$500. After serving two years with this master he was again sold to John M. Vreeland, of Stony Point, which was situated near the present site of Communipaw, at an advance of \$100, which showed that he was pretty valuable. He attained his freedom with this master, and celebrated the event by joining the close communion Baptist Church, and was duly immersed in the waters of Harlan's Cove, which was the baptismal font in those days. During this period he was frequently rented out to various parties, and on two or three occasions Commodore Vanderbilt became his temporary master, and used him in shad fishing and oystering, at which Bill was an expert. He says the Commodore was a hard boss, and the only way he could get square with him was to bag his game chickens occasionally, which brought a ready sale in Jersey. Johnson says he has often laughed on "de back ob his neck" when he looked at the placard (which he could not read) offering \$25 reward for the rascal that stole those chickens. On joining church, however, he dropped all these proclivities. In appearance Johnson is purely African, with a slight tinge of yellow, caused probably by "reflection of his ante-natal surroundings." His voice is peculiar and resembles a squeak. He is still straight and active and can do his full share of whitewashing, in which art he is a proficient. But hard work he had accumulated a little property on the Hill, but owing to the hard times and low prices of property, he says it "ain't worth athing." The incidents in the old slave life would fill a volume. His reminiscences of Lafayette, Andrew Jackson, and others of the good old times are interesting, and he takes great delight in detailing how he shook hands with them, and comparing them with the class of men we are ruled by now.
Burning Diamonds.
In the year 1884, it was discovered, by actual experiment in Florence, that a diamond would burn. Cosmo III, had one fixed in the focus of a burning glass, and after some exposure to the rays of the sun, it cracked, coruscated and finally disappeared like a ghost, leaving no traces behind. Experiments of this kind were costly. They were long in yielding any scientific results. It was only by the use of a powerful lens could afford to see his jewels vanish like the gifts of a fairy godmother. Another potentate, the Emperor Francis I., tried a number of valuable diamonds in the heat of a smelting furnace, and may have felt some gratification in finding they had disappeared. This was in 1750, and about twenty years later a magnificent diamond was burned in France. A jeweler named La Blanc denied the possibility of burning diamonds, and suspected some unfair play on the part of Macquer, the chemist who conducted the operation. He had often, he asserted, exposed diamonds to great heat, with the sole result of increasing their brilliancy. Mr. Streeter has done the same, with success. But La Blanc only knew half of what Mr. Streeter knew, and when the chemist demanded that he should enclose some diamonds in coal in a crucible, he rashly assented, and in three hours they had all disappeared. Then another jeweler, Millard by name, who seems to have had a suspicion of the truth, put three diamonds into an earthen-bowl pipe, packed in powdered charcoal, and exposed them, without injury, to intense heat. Lavoisier, who was present, proved, in 1775, that by shutting out the air the diamond was preserved in a furnace, but that the admission of oxygen, with which the carbon combines, allowed the diamond to burn like a piece of coal.
A Wonderful Curiosity.
One of Peoria's prominent lawyers went home the other day to dinner, and found that his little boy had had his head clipped in accordance with the prevailing style. Affecting not to notice it, he began to speak of a wonderful curiosity on exhibition in Washington City in the shape of a living creature in a form somewhat like that of a living being. Its head was as round as a pumpkin, its ears stuck out like clam shells on a cocoon, its nose projected like a figure four from what seemed to be its face; it walked upright and its head was covered with a growth of bristles about one sixteenth of an inch in length, and for want of a better name the creature had been called the "What is it?" And placing his hand on the boy's head, the father said, "Why here it is now. Here's the very thing I have been talking about."
"What kind of a thing is it?" said the lawyer.
"It is the father of the 'What is it?'" retorted the lad.
The subject was dropped.

Jersey's Last Slaves.
There are still living in Jersey City, N. J. three colored men who were born slaves, and continued so up to a comparatively late date. They are William Johnson, Old Sip, or "Zip," as he is familiarly known, and John Jackson. Johnson was born on the farm of Mercedes Park, which was situated near the Old Dutch Reformed Church, in Bergen, some time about the beginning of the 19th century. He does not exactly know his age, but says he is "hard onto" 70 years old, as near as he can get at it, but from his recollection of events occurring before that date, it is safe to reckon his age at about eighty. Johnson worked on the Park farm until his 30th year, during which time he witnessed some of the stirring scenes of the war of 1812. He says he would like to have taken a hand in it, but he was too young to be of much service. He remembers the drilling of recruits and the departure of soldiers for the scene of the war on the Canadian frontier. When 33 years old he was sold to Jacob Van Winkle. The price paid for him was \$500. After serving two years with this master he was again sold to John M. Vreeland, of Stony Point, which was situated near the present site of Communipaw, at an advance of \$100, which showed that he was pretty valuable. He attained his freedom with this master, and celebrated the event by joining the close communion Baptist Church, and was duly immersed in the waters of Harlan's Cove, which was the baptismal font in those days. During this period he was frequently rented out to various parties, and on two or three occasions Commodore Vanderbilt became his temporary master, and used him in shad fishing and oystering, at which Bill was an expert. He says the Commodore was a hard boss, and the only way he could get square with him was to bag his game chickens occasionally, which brought a ready sale in Jersey. Johnson says he has often laughed on "de back ob his neck" when he looked at the placard (which he could not read) offering \$25 reward for the rascal that stole those chickens. On joining church, however, he dropped all these proclivities. In appearance Johnson is purely African, with a slight tinge of yellow, caused probably by "reflection of his ante-natal surroundings." His voice is peculiar and resembles a squeak. He is still straight and active and can do his full share of whitewashing, in which art he is a proficient. But hard work he had accumulated a little property on the Hill, but owing to the hard times and low prices of property, he says it "ain't worth athing." The incidents in the old slave life would fill a volume. His reminiscences of Lafayette, Andrew Jackson, and others of the good old times are interesting, and he takes great delight in detailing how he shook hands with them, and comparing them with the class of men we are ruled by now.
Burning Diamonds.
In the year 1884, it was discovered, by actual experiment in Florence, that a diamond would burn. Cosmo III, had one fixed in the focus of a burning glass, and after some exposure to the rays of the sun, it cracked, coruscated and finally disappeared like a ghost, leaving no traces behind. Experiments of this kind were costly. They were long in yielding any scientific results. It was only by the use of a powerful lens could afford to see his jewels vanish like the gifts of a fairy godmother. Another potentate, the Emperor Francis I., tried a number of valuable diamonds in the heat of a smelting furnace, and may have felt some gratification in finding they had disappeared. This was in 1750, and about twenty years later a magnificent diamond was burned in France. A jeweler named La Blanc denied the possibility of burning diamonds, and suspected some unfair play on the part of Macquer, the chemist who conducted the operation. He had often, he asserted, exposed diamonds to great heat, with the sole